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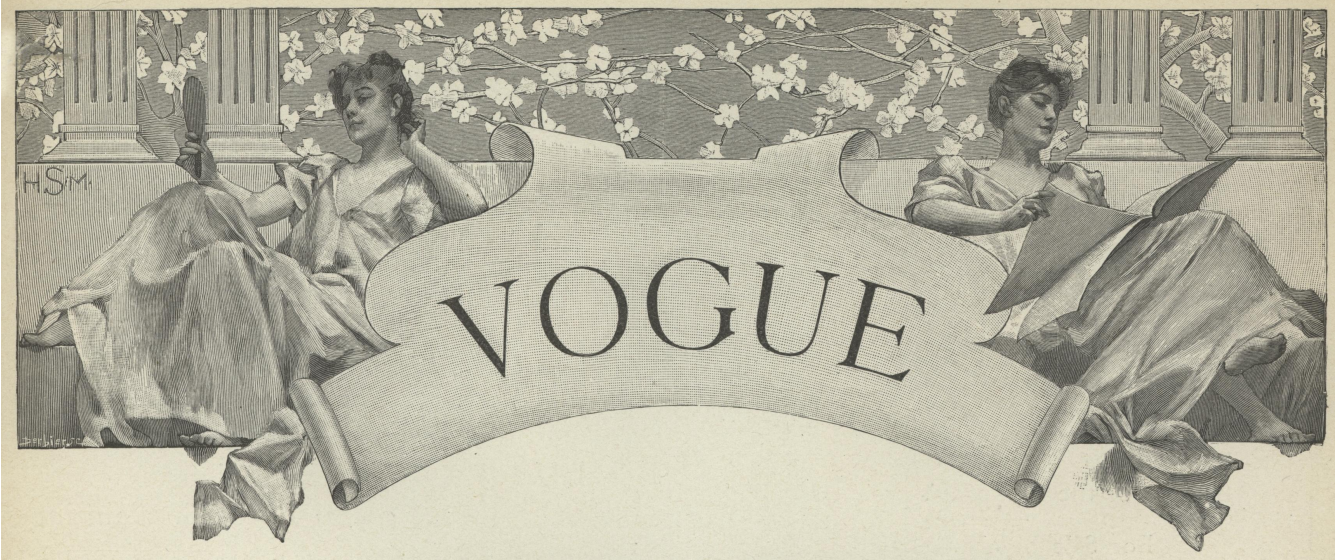

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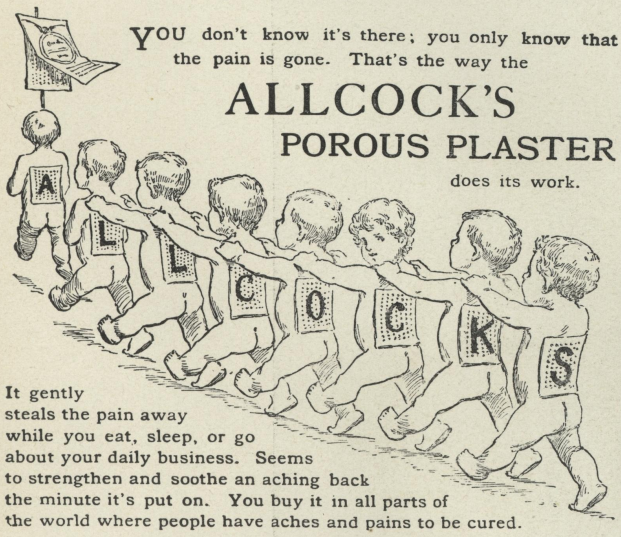

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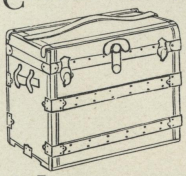

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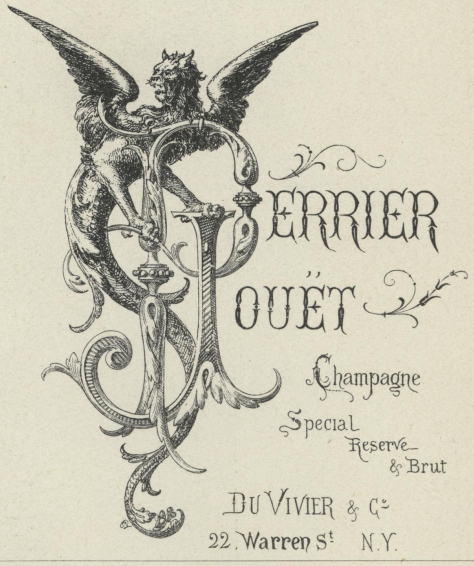

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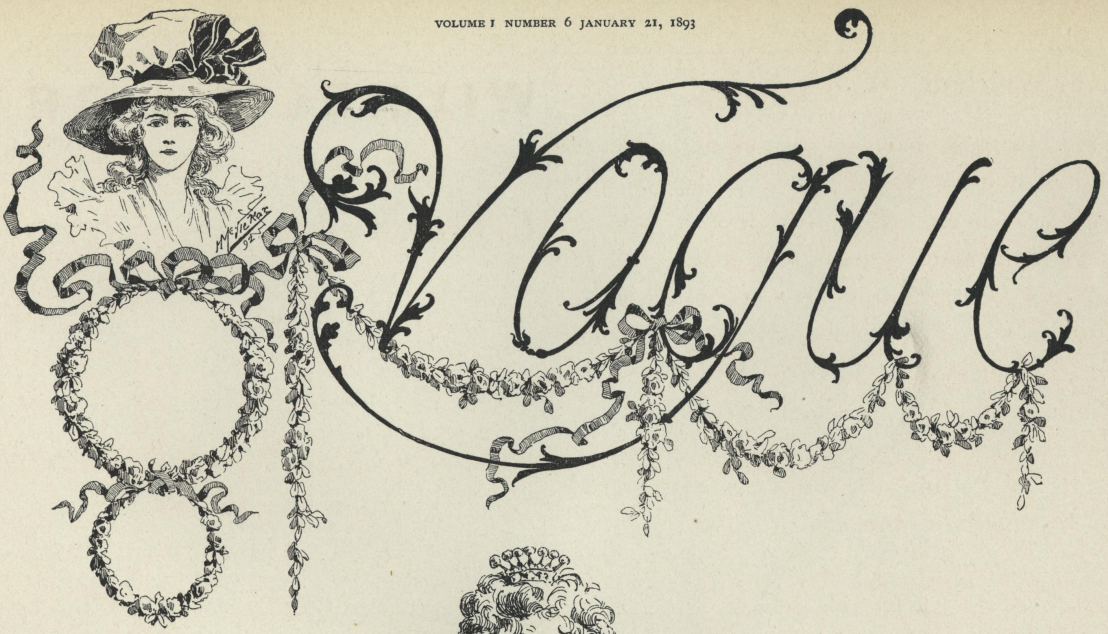

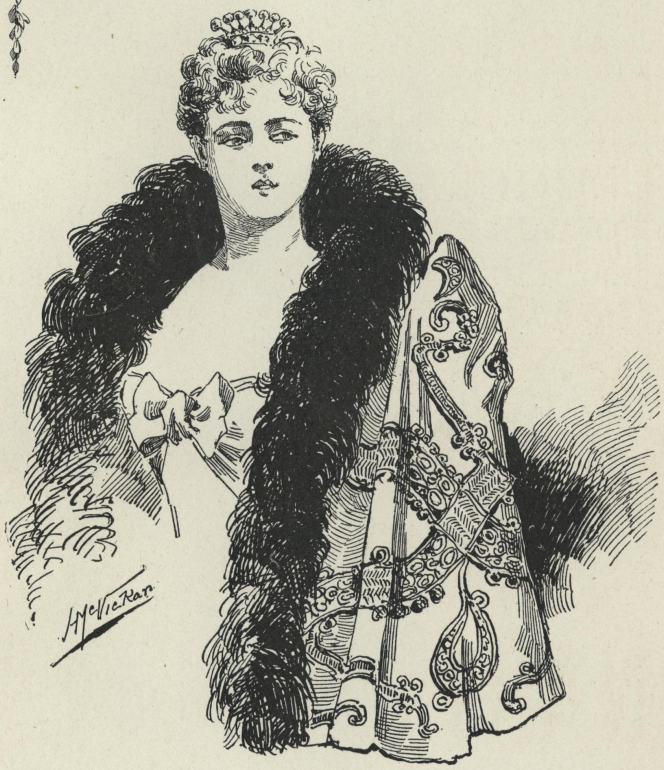

AN ILLUSTRIOUS LINEAGE

A Truly harmonious pair !
With never a difference, since
She fluttered, unwedded and fair,
In front of the frivolous prince ;—
But that was long ages ago,
In eras now vanished and dead,
For no living mortal can know,
When Folly and Fashion were wed.

Fair Fashion, the bright butterfly,
Gay Folly, the gallant and wit,
Still ogle and simper and sigh,
And never have quarreled a bit.
They're blessed by a fortunate star ;
No doubt that the gossips all said,
" What a good-looking couple they are,"
When Folly and Fashion were wed.

Ah, sweetly unreasonable Grace,
You've ribbons and flounces and frills ;
Soft cheeks and the daintiest face,
And one of the willfulest wills ;
You have eyes and lips and a heart,
But never the hint of a head !
Your family-tree took its start,
When Folly and Fashion were wed.

Harry Romaine.

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UP TO DATE

DOLLY MANHATTAN: "Cricket is your national game, isn't it?"

LORD BRITON: "Aw, no. Baccarat."

IMPROVIDENT

ANNIE: "Why did you refuse Mr. Specie? I am sure the presents and flowers he has sent you show him to be in love with you."

BELLE: "I was afraid he had spent all of his money on me already."

IT MUST BE

"Is the world really growing better?"
You ask! I answer "Yes!
To-day I received a woman's letter
Without any P. S."

HER ANSWER

"Won't you try to love me?" he pleaded.

"No, Mr. Adams, I cannot," she answered. "I am not over strong, and my physician has advised me not to do too much."

WHEN SHE DANCES

A Waft of mignonnette, combined with violet,
A gown of chiffon, pink, and very airy;
Two slippered glancing feet, a pair of gloves (petite),
A movement like a forest fairy.
The heat of three-four time, to suit the pantomime,
And fitly supplement the rosy vision;
One arm to hold her tight, and one to guide her right,
And both to shield her from collision.

When she perchance is still, repose is mine, until
My peace is shattered by an ardent rival.
With flatteries profound, he seeks to gain my ground,
While she, of fittest, weighs survival.
But if she smiles on me—in conscious ecstasy
I grow intoxicate with such sweet choosing,
For while I look, I dream, and plot and plan and scheme,
And of my head I risk the loosing.

But oh, when she dances, how her smile enhances
The vivid picture of her swaying transit!
And in my heart there grows (but this is sous la rose)
The wish to kiss her as we dance it.
Ah, dainty sweet coquette, I pray you don't forget,
As thus we swing in gay and dulcet measure,
That I am yours for life; take me, and be my wife,
And then repent it at your leisure!

Eleanor Waddle.

HER COOLNESS

MR. DASCH: "And now you have your divorce and are free. But I hope you will always consider me your friend, and will not hesitate to call on me for a favor."

MRS. DASCH: "There is one thing I wish you would do for me."

MR. DASCH: "Name it."

MRS. DASCH: "Please be best man at my wedding to Archie. He wants you to."

IMPORTED RUINS

ANGLO: "You have no ruins or anything of that sort that is picturesque in America."

GOTHAM: "No—except when American girls bring home their European husbands on a visit."

OF INTRINSIC VALUE

HOJACK: "Skidmore is a very valuable man."

TOMDIK: "In what way?"

HOJACK: "His teeth are filled with gold, and his system is permeated with bi-chloride."

A POOR MEMORY

"Trotter told me to-day," remarked Foster, "that he had come into quite a fortune. He has a beautiful team now and is going to get a yacht for next season."

His fair companion seemed deeply interested. "Oh, the dear man," she cried, "how nice. I met him last year at the seashore. I—I think," she added, slowly, "that I passed him on the Avenue last week, but I—I wasn't quite sure at the time. I hope he doesn't think I cut him intentionally."

"Oh, dear me, no," returned Foster, pleasantly. "Don't worry about that. He told me to-day he hadn't the slightest idea who you were or what you looked like."

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Mrs. Hauton: "Yes, my son is a great musician; he is now studying in the Paris Conservatory."
Mrs. Newriche: "How nice; it must be so pleasant to be able to sit among flowers all day and not disturb anybody with his practicing."

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AS SEEN BY HIM

A Man of leisure is not of necessity an idler. Yet the leisure class is such a new factor in American life that the average mind regards it with suspicion. There exists in this country hardly what might form the nucleus of the leisure class, outside of New York; but in this city, there are in proportion almost as many men of wealth and position without any business calling or profession as one can find in London. It is true there is a great difference between the London man of leisure and his New York cousin. The former only makes London his home during a certain season. He is probably of county family, and there is somewhere down in one of the "shires," where the sward seems ever green and the hawthorn buds in springtide, a manor house, or even a small property of some kind, where there are rents to be collected, tenants to be looked after, even crops to be considered, and perhaps political aspirations to be realized. Politics, you know, are frequently hereditary in Great Britain.

Here a man has only his social engagements and his club. He may have a country seat in Long Island or up the Hudson, but if he is a bachelor, and is not wildly enamored of "taking" fences and rough country riding, he will find it much more agreeable to remain in town and cut coupons. These men are the sons of men who worked perhaps, many of them. It is not because they are indolent or stupid that they do not take up some calling. It is frequently—I am speaking of those not to the manor born—the fault of their parents, and the way in which they were educated. I consider it, in many cases, a much greater misfortune to be born rich than to come into this world a pauper.

I am simply going to follow in the wake of a master mind, and offer, as did the late Cardinal Newman, an apology for my life. I am a man of leisure, but I do not consider my existence thrown away. Perhaps if I were a man of affairs I would be an insufferable snob. I know none more pronounced than the average millionaire who came to town a poor boy, and has "made it all" himself. I am (even in a more egotistic fashion than heretofore), going to picture to you how I pass my day. In this paper I shall disclose some intimate confidences, simply because I feel that even in these things there is a certain way in which they should be accomplished, and an only proper and sensible method.

I rise at nine. My man always taps on my door and then enters—to arrange the appliances for my toilet. On a little table that is beside my bed—a French custom, and one which is conducive to much comfort—I always keep a small traveling clock, a spring of which I may press at any time in the night and a little silvery bell will answer to tell me the hour. This timepiece is in a plain but handsome Russia leather case. Thus I avoid the slovenly and careless habit of placing my watch underneath my pillow and groping in the dark for it. I always sleep with one of the windows of my room open, no matter how severe the weather. Sleep is more refreshing in a cold than a warm room, and much healthier. After the first blush of the matter, I am, on these pages at least, at liberty to appear before you in my night dress. This is so fashioned that in case of fire or accident I can always put in a decent appearance. I wear pajamas. I am entirely in favor of this garment for night use, both in summer and in winter. It is comfortable, and I, at least, feel conscious that it is sightly. I have them in almost all materials, and I think I prefer the soft cheviots—I believe—a woolen material, in blues and pinks. I do not think silken garments are comme il faut, although I have seen some made in china silks which were pretty to contemplate and very comfortable to sleep in. I have always in my mind a man, mature age, sallow and bald, short and very fat, who ordered from a haberdasher seven silken dream robes of shrimp pink and sky blue, with an immense monogram and crest embroidered on them in scarlet threads. It is some consolation to know that I was not to behold him in this costume de fantaisie.

My bath is prepared—and here comes another difference of opinion. My apartments are large enough to enable me to have a dressing room. Many men who occupy apartments to themselves, have beautiful bathrooms, with porcelain lined tubs and marble or tiled floors. There is such an addition to my apartment, but having traveled a great deal, particularly abroad, where bathrooms are unknown, and where even they have existed nothing would tempt me into them, I have always carried my tub. It is very useful as an additional trunk on a voyage, and is of immense comfort and satisfaction everywhere. I think that a tub should be as personal and as sacred as a toothbrush or a razor.

I never take an icy cold bath, but in severe weather, have the water tempered to a moderate, not excessive heat.

My valet has brought me my tea and my toast, and one morning newspaper. I discuss these in bed slowly, until everything is arranged for my toilet.

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Now I fear that I am going to incur the eternal enmity of every haberdasher in New York—should any one of that highly respectable trade peruse this paper.

I proclaim—and on the highest authority—that the bathrobe is a thing of yesterday. If there can be any fashion in these elementary functions of the toilet—known as the tea and tub time—then I say upon the word of every well groomed man in New York, that these absurd garments, are, like certain ecclesiastical doctrines, barely tolerated.

Instead there has come into use, large rough Turkish towels, so large that they completely envelope a man from head to foot, so that he looks not unlike a Bedouin chief. They are warmer, more healthful to the skin and preserve the even temperature of the body. I always use for the bath honest soap,—that is any kind—(I am not singing the praises of a particular brand—I do not care whether it floats, or whether it will not wash clothes or whether I should greet it with a "good morning!") that is not perfumed. Five minutes in one's tub is quite sufficient.

As I take up my garments one by one, after a vigorous rubbing completely covered by my enormous towel—serving a double purpose and therefore sensible and economic—I cannot help thinking, how easy it is to be a well-dressed man, if you only take the trouble. I have slipped into my slippers. They are of straw, with no heels and made after the pattern of Chinese or Eastern footgear. Oh how different, how much more satisfactory than those elaborate abominations which dear Belinda worked with her own fair hands—impossible dogs in crewels staring out of one's toe on a black velvet background.

My valet—and even if I did not have one, I would do it myself—folds every article of my clothing. It ruins coats to be hung upon pegs. The custom is barbarous. It is so easy to fold a coat. It takes five minutes longer at night, but then you can sink to sleep with the consciousness that whatever happens, even though it be the Last Judgment—everything in your room will bear evidence to the fact that you are a careful and orderly person. A point in your favor, I have no doubt, with any sensibly disposed recording angel.

I shave myself—and I have a razor for each morning of the week which is kept in order by frequent stropping on a Russia leather band. I use shaving cream or shaving stick which is better than ordinary soap as a good lather is the most essential thing.

I wear a tweed suit in the morning, of gray or brown or mixed goods. I also wear a derby hat, but always a dark overcoat, when it is cold enough to put on that garment. I never wear tennis or russet shoes in town in winter, and I don't fancy their use in summer anywhere but in the country, although, between July and October, one may be negligé to one's heart's content, in New York.

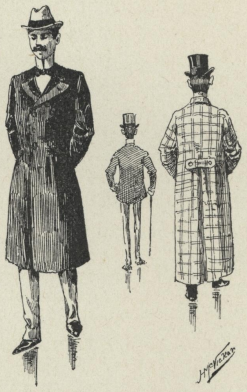
My shoes for the morning are polished by hand and laced. After my toilet is made, I go up the Avenue to my club, where I look over the other morning papers, and perhaps indulge in a cocktail, read and answer my mail. I always reply to invitations as soon as received. If I send cards, I enclose one to each adult member of the family—that is, of course, not counting the men, with the exception of the head of the house.

The morning is devoted to a little reading, to discussing timely issues, to improving the mind and to agreeably passing the first two hours of the day. At noon, if the weather is fine, I go to my stable, and with a slight change of costume, always kept for me there, take my horse out in the Park for an airing. At two I return to my apartments, take another bath and dress for luncheon.

I have already dilated in a previous paper as to what should be the correct afternoon dress for a gentleman. The remainder of the day is devoted to social duties and I generally spend an hour at the club, before coming home to dress for dinner.

If I am dining alone and have no engagements for the evening, I put on my undress evening coat —known to many by the ridiculous name of a "Tuxedo." But a man should never be seen in a tailless coat, however intimate the party, where there are ladies, except at the most informal domestic gathering in his own house, if he is a married man.

This is but a slight sketch, not filled out with many details, of the events of a day of my life. If I should succeed in nothing else, I feel at least, that it conveys a lesson of order, of attention to little things which go to create the greater in existence, and that I am unselfish enough to show a regard for others, all of which cannot be utterly useless or make such a bad showing or even fail to point a moral.



MEN WHO NEED THE ADVICE OF "HIM"

A man should always provide himself with a sufficient number of pairs of shoes and boots to be able to have changes for all occasions. Instead of having one pair made at a time, have two or three, and you will find each pair will last twice as long. A number of New York men are getting their footgear from the last of a little Parisian shoe-maker, who has shod half the royalty in Europe.

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A METROPOLITAN ROMANCE

IN TWO PARTS

Part I.

THere are people who say that Mrs. Percival Vanway is the prettiest woman in New York. She is certainly lovely, with the fine fresh delicacy of a tea rose. When you see her driving down the Avenue wrapped in her furs, you think that she is undoubtedly at her best in the rich, dark simplicity of street dress. But when you see her in her box at the opera, with the restless lights of diamonds playing about her head and neck, then you are of the opinion that, in her grand array, her beauty reaches its fullest bloom.

But that charm of hers which all the world feels, lies beyond beauty. It is in the sweet graciousness which is only seen in happy people. This exquisite lady was made for love and happiness, and has gone hand in hand with both. A censorious and envious world cannot deny that she and her husband still adore each other. Theirs was a love match in which the love has lasted. Besides all this, they are very rich—a sordid consideration which nevertheless carries weight. There was a great deal of money in the first place, and since Mr. Vanway's management of it there is a great deal more. It is said that he has also managed Mrs. Vanway's social career, which has been an exceptionally brilliant one, while she has had no care in the matter, but been simply beautiful and happy.

Eight years ago there was no Mrs. Percival Vanway. But there was a girl who lived on one of the Fortieth Streets, not, as they say in the newspapers, a hundred miles from Fifth Avenue, who was not unlike the Mrs. Vanway of to-day, but looked older and dressed badly. This girl was twenty-two and pretty and an heiress, but no one thought much of these things except, perhaps, the girl herself, who was only a girl after all, and had eyes and a looking-glass and a bank account.

But none of these possessions did her much good from her point of view. What was the use of her mirror telling her she was pretty when there was no one else to tell her that, first by a look which even a girl of twenty-two who had never had a lover could read aright, and then by word of mouth? Not that this girl ever thought things out in such a deliberate, investigating manner. But when, in the evening, she lit the two wax candles which stood in brass holders on either side of her glass, and looking, saw the pure oval of the reflected face, it was not unnatural that she should stand in pleased contemplation of what the mirror gave back. If it ever lay in her mind that it was a pity there was no one else to see how pretty she was, she never said a word about it, and the inference is that this fancy did not come into her head until it was put there by some one else.

Fancies did not come readily into her head, not that she was stupid, but that she was not yet awake. The girl of twenty-two was at heart a child of twelve. Outwardly she was in full bloom—a veritable flower—and should have had a flower's name. Her parents, however, not being troubled by romantic fancies, had given her the stern and unbending appellation of Joanna, after her grandmother, Joanna Gilroy—it was not a pretty name.

They had also done their duty by Joanna in a severe and rigorous spirit. When she wore pinafores and a back comb, they had a governess come every morning and teach her her lessons from nine until twelve. In the evening, before supper, she studied with the mother. Then she went in to supper and participated in this gloomy and silent meal with her parents and her grandmother. After she had risen from her chair and folded her napkin, she retired to the big drawing-room, lit one burner of the chandelier, and "did her practicing." The drawing-room, never used, and kept dark and unaired, was a great, long, stately room, with dim mirrors and shadowy bronzes and marbles swathed in white linen covers. With the one gas-jet casting a thin halo of light into the darkness, it was even gloomier than in the day time. The old piano sent out the scales with tinkling hesitation, and in the feeble light the little girl bent forward to read the notes, while her mother droned with patient doggedness,

"One, two, three, rest. Thumb, Joanna, thumb goes under. One—two—three."

That went on till Joanna was sixteen. Then there was a family consultation and she was sent to a day school for young ladies. Here she was pronounced unresponsive and dull by her companions. They were carelessly kind to her, but were in too much of a happy hurry to finish with school to spend time on the forming of a new friendship. At eighteen she graduated, and then Joanna was a young lady. She came home, a little oppressed by an attractively mysterious apprehension of coming novelties, and her mother and father said that "Daughter was grown up now," and then looked at each other in vague perplexity at the possession of the elaborated Joanna, and let the subject drop. Joanna herself had at first felt some responsibility on the ground of being a young lady. But after a little this feeling wore off. It was just the same

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"IT WAS A PITY THERE WAS NO ONE ELSE TO SEE HOW PRETTY SHE WAS"

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being a young lady as being a little girl of ten or a young miss of fifteen.

With the other girls young ladyhood had meant parties, dinners, ball dresses, bouquets, theatres, lovers. They had looked forward to it with thrilled expectancy. To Joanna it seemed to have brought nothing. Indeed the days were a trifle longer than they had formerly been. There was more time to sit in the reception room window and count the callers Mrs. Smith had every Wednesday afternoon. There were long hours to lie curled up in a corner of the sofa "thinking about things." There was time to read the books in the glass case in the hall. Some of these were novels and they woke in Joanna a faint feeling of hurt surprise that none of the romantic adventures which appeared to be part of the life of young ladies of eighteen should fall to her lot. For the first time in her existence she experienced a sensation of discontent and unrest.

Two years passed. The one event that broke

THERE WERE LONG HOURS TO LIE CURLED UP IN A CORNER OF THE SOFA "THINKING ABOUT THINGS"

their monotony was the death of the grandmother, who left Joanna $800,000. Joanna had more money to spend on her clothes—that was the only difference. Two more years passed, Joanna was twenty-two, and heiress to $800,000, and yet nothing had happened. Joanna, by this time, had read some more novels and began to realize that this was not the way things went in the romances. There were lovers there who scaled stone walls and barricades for a mere sight of the lady's face. There was no lover for her, and that there was none gave her a feeling of pensive dejection. She did not own to herself that she actually wished there was a lover, but she admitted that if there had been one it would be a change in the monotony of life.

She had got on far enough now to know that there was an undue amount of monotony in life. Deep down in her heart she was beginning to feel that there was too much. She was beginning to gird at this eternal sameness. She was beginning to pine, to long, for something new—an earthquake, a war, a blizzard, a lover—anything to end this unendurable dullness.

It was one afternoon in the late autumn that her destiny at length took shape. She was returning up the Avenue from her daily walk feeling duller than ever. Absorbed in her meditations, her eyes downcast, she did not notice the passers-by, did not know that any one was watching her. But, of a sudden, one of those loitering passers-by stopped just a little in front of her and a rich and pleasant voice said,

"Good afternoon, Miss Gilroy."

She looked up in quick surprise. A tall young man was standing before her, his hat lifted with deferential politeness, and a friendly smile in his eyes. She had never seen him before that she could remember. But he was very good-looking—even in her rapid glance of startled query she saw that. As she was surprised into silence, he said,

"I'm afraid you've forgotten me?"

"I don't remember you," said Joanna with the candor of a maiden bred in seclusion.

"That is to be deplored but not to be wondered at," he answered, nothing disconcerted. "You might easily forget me. It would be impossible for me to forget you."

He looked at her with a look which explained this gallant speech that might otherwise have puzzled Joanna. She in turn, dropped her eyes and blushed with fluttered pleasure.

"No man who had once met you could forget you," continued the stranger, and then, quite naturally, he fell into step beside Joanna as she walked slowly along.

"But, I don't, I don't really remember you," she murmured, feeling herself extremely silly and awkward, "and I know so few people."

"There is nothing strange in the fact that you have forgotten me. What was there about me to warrant my keeping a place in the memory of one so beautiful, so much admired?"

Joanna looked down again and felt her heart beat

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high at this fascinating speech. The fine brown eyes of her companion looked at her with an open yet respectful admiration—as no eyes had ever looked at her before.

"Where was it that you met me?" she asked shyly.

The stranger was prepared for this query and answered:

"At a reception, or a tea, or——it was in a crowd anyway at some afternoon crush. My recollection of the other guests is very vague. I only remember you standing near a window among a lot of people. I've even forgotten the name of the person who presented me to you."

Joanna accepted the explanation.

"I've only been to three receptions in my life," she said simply, "but I remember, at one two years ago, being introduced to quite a good many people. You must have been one of them. I don't see how I came to forget."

Then they walked up the Avenue conversing until they reached the corner of the street on which Joanna's home fronted in brown stone gentility. Here they stopped, the young man said he was going further up to his club, said also that he was happy to have met Miss Gilroy once more, and that he hoped he would meet her again some day, bowed with courtly deference, and took his solitary way up the great thoroughfare.

Joanna went home and silently ascended to her own room. She was full of pleasant thoughts, but not being on confidential relations with any one in the world, she did not speak of her meeting with the gentleman who had remembered her for two years. She was quiet all the evening, sitting in her corner of the sofa. She thought the conversation over, dwelling upon it sentence by sentence.

A week later, at the same hour, Joanna encountered him again on the Avenue. This time he greeted her with the frank pleasure of re-established acquaintance, and they walked more slowly than they had done on the first meeting. They talked together in a friendly way and he told Joanna that his name was Percival Vanway.

On this occasion, not being so flurried, she had a chance to mark the appearance of her new friend. He must have been about thirty, but there were lines around his mouth which made him look older. His features were well-cut, the eyes dark and keen, lending to his general expression of suave self-reliance a suggestion of sharpness and penetration. When he smiled his whole face lit up with an expression of candid, almost boyish brightness, that was surprising in its sudden sweetness and charm. His tall figure was clad in clothes of a somewhat too pronounced splendor and newness, which he wore with a debonair grace. But his patent-leather shoes were cracked and worn-out, and the carnation in his button-hole was faded. Both in appearance and manner there was the same ostentation of elegance, the same suggestion of a finish that was too florid to be quite genuine. It would have taken a great deal to abash this young man, or to have shaken his bold self-confidence. But Joanna did not see as deeply as this. She thought him—and with reason—an extremely handsome person.

The third meeting on the Avenue was also accidental, but the fourth was pre-arranged. At four o'clock in the afternoon they met at the Farragut statue in Madison Square and walked from there up the Avenue to the street where Joanna lived. This made the promenade a little longer.

During the walk the conversation was friendly and quite confidential. Joanna told her companion all about her life, how dull she was, how long the days were. He listened with well-bred interest, now and then threw in a word of appreciation and sympathy that was very sweet to the

"I'M AFRAID YOU'VE FORGOTTEN ME"

lonely young girl. No one had ever before cared to hear about her little hopes and fancies and disappointments. Finally, in the course of her recital, she fell on the sad days of her grandmother's

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death, and, in expatiating on the old lady's kindness and generosity, mentioned the fact of her own inheritance.

"How very kind of her," murmured Vanway, for the first time appearing somewhat bored.

AT FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON THEY MET AT THE FARRAGUT STATUE IN MADISON SQUARE

"Wasn't it?" said Joanna, eagerly. "Oh, she was so generous, and so fond of me. When she could not give me any more presents she left me all she had. Poor Grandmamma!"

She stopped, checked by a flood of memories. There was a moment of silence. Then Vanway, carelessly striking the damp spots in the pavement with the tip of his cane, said, as if repeating her words with dreamy indifference:

"She left you all she had?"

"Yes — everything — eight hundred thousand dollars, I think it is. But I don't really know much about it. I have to sign papers now and then, and sometimes I go down with papa to the lawyer's office and—"

But her recital appeared to have lost its interest for Percival Vanway.

"Look," he said, interrupting her, "doesn't the light shining on those windows look like a fire?"

And during the rest of their walk, until they reached the corner of Joanna's street, where they always parted, they chatted cheerfully on such impersonal topics as the sunset and the carriages which rattled by.

That same evening, some time after the dinner hour, Mr. Percival Vanway emerged from his bedroom in the dingy boarding-house where he dwelt, and leaning over the banisters of the stairway, shouted:

"Hi, Mary Ann, tell her niblets that I want a bottle of champagne."

A grimy maid-of-all-work appeared at the top of the kitchen stairs, a story below, and looked up at the figure of Mr. Vanway. In the fluttering light of the hall lamp he was revealed, imperturbable, handsome and serene, smoking a cigarette, and wrapped about in a ragged dressing-gown of indeterminate hue.

"Call her up, Mary Ann. Don't stand there as if my beauty had struck you dumb," he cheerfully urged.

The maid disappeared in darksome kitchen depths, and presently, from the same regions, a strenuous panting arose, this being shortly followed by a portly shape that labored up the stairs with difficulty. Gaining the top of the flight it looked up revealing the face of a woman of fifty, a broad, good-humored face surmounted by a patch of false curls which looked as if it might have originally been part of a door mat. The face was the landlady's and was at present clouded by an expression of vexed worry.

"Well now what is the matter?" she called up in the tone of a person who expects to be annoyed.

"I want a bottle of champagne, that's all. I want to drink to my good luck," said Vanway.

"Ain't you ashamed to drag me up out of the

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basement to make such jokes as that?" cried the woman, thoroughly out of patience.

"It is not a joke," said the young man softly, "I want the champagne. It's dead earnest."

"You're a nice person," continued the exasperated landlady, "to want champagne. Here you are with a hall bed-room and board all for six dollars a week, and you can't afford to pay for that, then talk about getting champagne!"

She turned round to go down stairs again. Vanway, smoking, leaned on his folded arms resting on the railing and said with imperturbable good humor,

"I'll pay all that, and the champagne too, in time. My fortune's made and I want to drink to my own success. Send Mary Ann out for a quart, and I'll send down a glass for you and for her."

The woman, arrested by something in his tone, stopped with her hand on the stair-rail and looked up.

"What are you talking about, anyway?" she asked, with a light of shrewd but kindly curiosity kindling in her eyes.

"It's true, so help me Thomas Jefferson," returned the young man, "I've made my fortune."

"How much?" said the woman relenting, not at his words, but his sweet and winning smile.

"Eight hundred thousand dollars," he answered gravely.

Out of consideration for the other boarders her laughter was suppressed.

"Where is it going to come from, the fairies?" she asked.

"From my wife." He took his cigarette out of his mouth and puffed a long stream of smoke up into the air. The landlady's laughter subsided.

"Well," she said, with a note of awed surprise in her voice, "I'll send Mary Ann out for the quart—but I think you're crazy," and she retired down the stairs.

The next afternoon Mr. Vanway met Joanna at the Farragut statue and they walked up the Avenue as usual. There was always the chance that on this populous thoroughfare Joanna might meet her mother, which would have been embarrassing. But they never alluded to this. Vanway had never suggested to her that their acquaintance should be kept secret. He knew that she would do it without being told. He was a clever man and he knew Joanna better than she knew herself. He had watched her for weeks before he had attempted the daring move of speaking to her. He had heard of her and her people from a clerk of her father's who had once been a boarder in the place where he now lived. Then he had watched her from afar, ascertained the position of the family, and determined on one bold stroke for life and fortune.

Geraldine Bonner.

THE HUMOR OF LITERATURE

THE superior intellectuality of the French is shown by the fact that their literature reveals more wit than humor. Cervantes says: "Don't put too fine a point upon your wit for fear it should get blunted." The French do put a fine point upon it because they know that however keen-edged the rapier of their wit may be, it is not likely to be dulled against a blank wall of non-comprehension. Paradoxically, the French are not serious enough to be humorous. It is a self-evident truth, when we distinguish between wit and humor, that the more serious the nation, the more humorous its literature. Tragic indifference to necessary ills, tender sympathy with misfortune, a high philosophical outlook over the burdens and mysteries of this unintelligible world, may all appear as elements in humor. As expressed by a wise old writer:

> Some things are of that nature as to make
> One's fancy chuckle
> While his heart doth ache.

The French are more witty than humorous because they consider it a social duty to be cheerful. That is why they are the most agreeable conversationalists in the world. That recurring play of intellect against intellect, that habit of presenting in one flashing sentence a side-light that newly illuminates a theme, keeps the literary horizon of France aglow with a perpetual aurora borealis, at once the despair of imitators and the delight of calm observers.

In The Humor of France * the word humor is used in that elastic sense which enables the editor to include, among other illustrations, early fabliaux (those verse recitals from which were evolved the novel and the comedy), poems of Villon and Marot, reflections of Montaigne, humorous studies of Molière, badinage of Boileau, delicate fancies of Gautier, grim tales of de Maupassant, and inimitable dialogues of Gyp. Licentious buffoonery, which has often run a-muck through French literary highways, is little in evidence, and for that American readers will be duly grateful; but everywhere appears that happy French faculty of transforming every-day material into the stuff that pleasant dreams are made of.

Our amateur comedians may like to know, if perchance they do not already know, from Elizabeth Lee's introduction, that comic dramas were first in vogue in mediæval times; and that these farces, in their early forms, were excellent examples of Gaulois light-heartedness; they were acted, too, by members of what would be now called a dramatic society.

* "The Humor of France." Selected and translated, with introduction and biographical index by Elizabeth Lee. With illustrations by Paul Frénzeny. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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Philosophers agree that every reader, in order to appreciate humor of a different nationality, should be reasonably familiar with the customs and tendencies of thought of each writer's time. This is quite too much to expect of busy Americans. The best that we can do is to get a glimpse of the literary stars by means of some telescopic book, and to repress our astonishment if we find that some of the stars are so far away from our line of vision that we cannot see them at all.

But Rabelais, whom Sainte Beuve justly calls "nôtre Shakspeare dans le comique," can be appreciated by those of every age and every clime. We all recognize the giant Panurge as the French Falstaff. A very fair example of Rabelaisian humor is given in an extract in which Panurge asketh counsel of Pantagruel whether he should marry, and Pantagruel, after changing his point of view many times to agree with that of Panurge, finally says:

"It is therefore expedient, seeing you are once resolved for once to make a trial of the state of marriage, that, with shut eyes, bowing your head, and kissing the ground, you put the business to a venture, and give it a fair hazard, in recommending the success of the residue to the disposure of Almighty God."

A startling phase of French humor stands out in what may be called a humorous progenitor of the modern pastel—that small literary measure into which Mary E. Wilkins and Brander Mathews in particular are now trying to pour their overflowing individualities. We refer to Baudelaire's "Get Drunk." It offers the same effect in prose that some of Verlaine's verses offer in poetry. Its theme is that in order not to feel the terrible burden of time weighing on your shoulders you must get drunk without cessation on wine, poetry, virtue, as you please. After you have poetically asked everything what o'clock it is, then: "The wind, the wave, the star, the bird, the clock, will reply: It is time to get drunk! In order not to be martyrized slaves of Time, get drunk; get drunk without cessation! on wine, poetry or virtue, as you please!" It is to be hoped that good Americans will not add to this unique list of intoxicants the pastel, as they have added the dialect story.

The most brilliant phase of French humor is that manifested in the maxims and aphorisms of La Rochefoucauld, Pascal, La Bruyère, Vauvenarges, Rivarol, Joubert and others. Many of these maxims, remarkable for clearness of thought and elegance of expression, have become incorporated in all civilized languages. And let us not forget that woman has a little share in this epigrammatic brilliancy; for some at least of La Rochefoucauld's most famous maxims were suggested to him by Madam de Sablé. One admirable purpose served by these epigrams is that they recall to us the names of celebrated Frenchmen. It seems characteristic of human nature to remember celebrities better by word than by deed. One could not, for instance, so easily remember Chamfort by the fact that he tried to be one of the people in the Reign of Terror, as by his calling the old regime "an absolute monarchy tempered with good sayings;" nor Rivarol so easily by the fact that he was a Royalist banished from Paris during the Revolution, as by his saying "Printing is the artillery of thought."

Taken all in all it is a very neat little Vanity Fair of their own that the novelists big and little have been constructing [there are flower shows there and horse shows and polo matches and ball games, and cross country rides, and boudoir talks and bric-a-brac fancies]; the little houses are aglow with colored lights and the mannikins move about briskly to the tune sung by their showman. But somehow it all appears unreal to the Vanitarian. He thinks of Christmas toy houses and gingerbread villains and candy bug-a-boos. He may be altogether wrong, but the literary Vanity Fair reminds him of the great Carême's point of view when he began his famous treatise on pièces montées: The Fine Arts are five in number: Painting, Music, Poetry, Sculpture, and Architecture—whereof the principal branch is Confectionery.

TO A FAIR COLLABORATOR

Our book, dear maid, has reached the point
Where Love's the one thing needed;
(Though well I know the theme's well-worn,
Yet people always read it);
I've spent much ink on "time and place,"
And moral analytics;
Psychology has too its place—
I think 'twill please the critics.

But love, my dear, 's a thing in which
My pen is sadly stupid;
The modern human character
I know, but not Dan Cupid;
And so I hold my pen in air
'Til your collaboration
Has taught me fully what love is,
By actual demonstration.

Wherefore I beg you, teach me how
To recognize love's phrases;
Inform me too how kisses taste,
And what the newest phase is,—
Are maidens in this fin-de-siècle
The first in osculation?
Or do they wait 'til Romeo's lips
Have proffered profanation?

How falls the "yes" from Juliet's lips?
I pray you, let me hear you.
And when you show how on his breast
She droops,—let me be near you.
Then finally, since marriage bells
Must ring our heroine's capture,
Won't you walk up the aisle with me,
That I may feel that rapture?

J. Percival Pollard.

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THE FOUR ACES—THIRD SEASON—CLUBS

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OF INTEREST TO HER

While skirts seem to be very simple in design they are really somewhat difficult to construct, and it requires skill of no mean order to make them fit well. Some of the winter walking dresses continue the fourreau skirt, which is made without seams except the bias one in the back. A foundation skirt always goes with the fourreau, and the effect is graceful and clinging. The newest models, however, show the bell or umbrella shapes. Some of these have as many as seven gores—all of them have five, and the gores flare a great deal as they approach the bottom of the skirt, presaging, as many think, the near approach of crinoline in some form. The many seams which the gores make are often defined by velvet pipings, narrow braids, or tiny bands of jet passementerie. There is no foundation skirt to the umbrella shape, each gore is lined with some soft silk, and daintily finished with a balayeuse of the same silk, which is of a color to contrast with the outside, and to make a pretty effect when the skirt is lifted.

COSTUME ECCENTRICITIES

The demi-train is no longer seen on walking dresses. The skirt is round and barely escapes the ground. For carriage and reception wear the skirts are slightly longer. Some of the newly imported gowns have a small piece of gathered crinoline about fourteen inches deep in the top of the skirt at the back, and others are finished with one small reed. This is of course for those who find the effect in the back too flat. Notwithstanding the gores, the winter skirts show greater amplitude, as a little fullness is gained in the slope of the breadths which is slightly gathered in under the belt in front, and pressed into large gathers at the back. There is usually some kind of trimming on the bottom of the skirt. Sometimes it is a plain band four inches deep of velvet bordered on each side with an edge of fur. Sometimes a plain band of fur two or three inches wide is the only trimming. As the winter wears on more elaborate ornamentation is seen, and chenille ruches in double and triple rows, eight or ten rows of velvet ribbon in graduated widths, and rows of ruchings in velvet, or silk with pinked edges, are not uncommon in street gowns. The narrow borderings of fur or velvet, although not so new are more fashionable, and many people even prefer an entirely plain skirt.

Dinner gowns are, as a rule, made with demi-trained skirts, although long trains are frequently worn. A charming dinner gown of pale pink and silver brocade is made in princesse shape with long train bordered by a thick ruching of white lace. A Watteau of white lace falls from the shoulders at the back, and covers the train. A pretty trimming on the skirt of a pale lilac bengaline evening dress, consists of four rows of two-inch violet velvet four inches apart, each row edged on the lower side by a narrow bordering of other fur. The inside of the skirt is faced with pale lilac satin and finished with two frills of écru lace, two inches apart. Another evening gown of yellow brocaded silk is trimmed down the gored seams with a narrow ruche of yellow satin ribbon. Towards the bottom of the skirt the end of each gore is turned back, revealing a flounced lace petticoat beneath. The revers, so turned back are lined with yellow satin, and the points fastened together with a long bow made of loops of black velvet ribbon.

Princesse shapes are often worn in evening gowns, having the umbrella gores in the front, and the princesse plait in the back. Jeweled or jet passementerie frequently define the seams, and border the trimming upon the bottom. Embroidered scroll and flower designs, copper, gold and bronze passementerie, as well as lace flounces and ruffles with ruches and ribbon bows, serve to enrich these skirts. A ball dress for a débutante which has a low corsage and full puffed sleeves of pale blue velvet, shows a skirt of rich white satin, made dancing length, and trimmed with two narrow ruches of pale blue velvet placed around the bottom.

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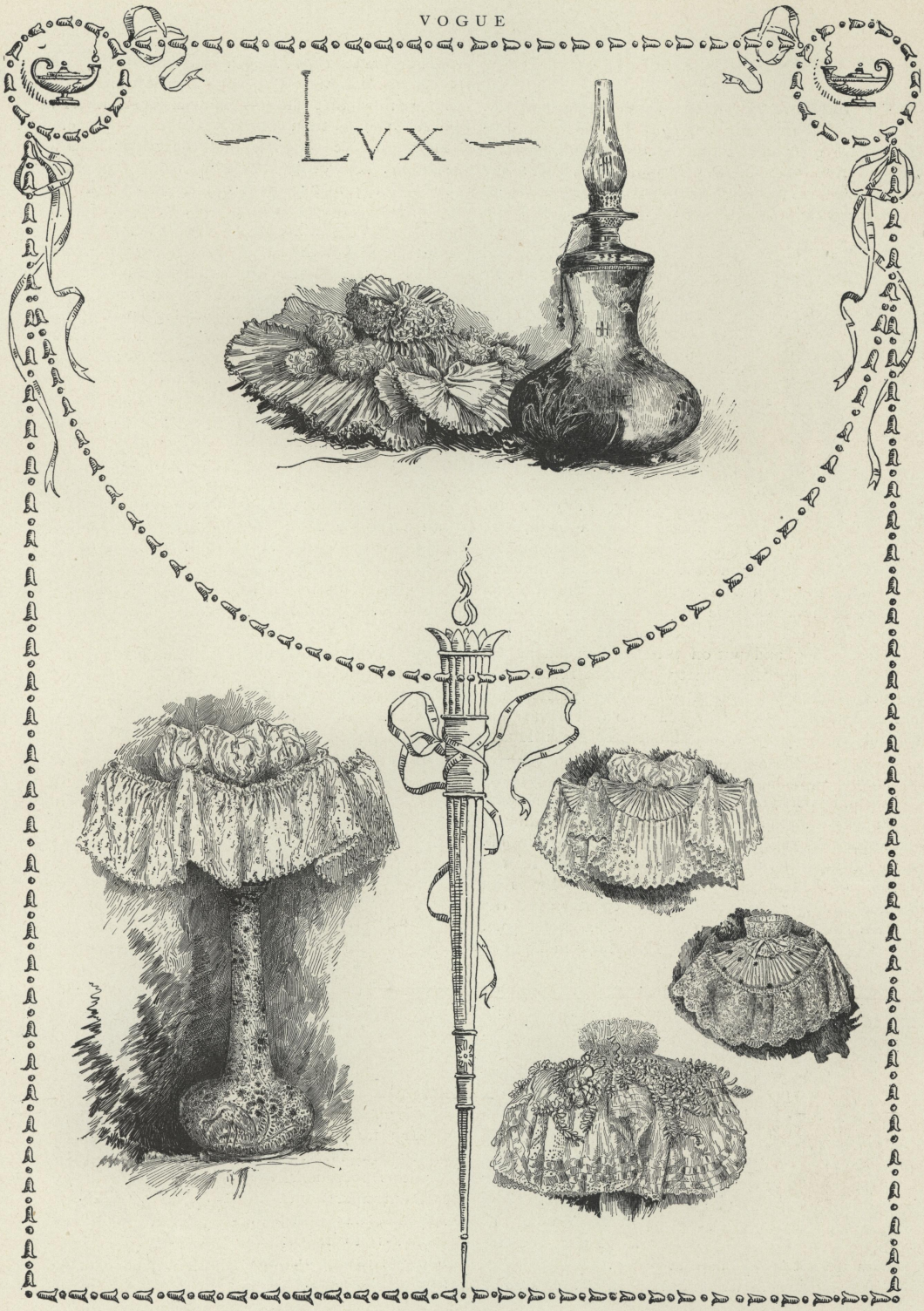

DECORATIVE LAMP SHADES

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THE STAGE

Lillian Russell has been admired as a beautiful woman, applauded as a singer, but never considered seriously as an actress. Her work in the recent revival of La Cigale was a surprise. She really could act! She has not developed into a Bernhardt, a Hading or even a Tempest—to come nearer home—but she has improved wonderfully. La Cigale is off the boards, but the memory of it is a pleasant one. A critic once described the old burlesque Evangeline, as "a dream of sweet music and a nightmare of bad puns." That almost fits La Cigale, and the nightmare portion of it can be laid at the door of Louis Harrison who sadly abused the text and likewise the indulgence of the audience. Despite the poor quality or the fun in La Cigale it was so well sung and put on the stage in such an admirable manner that it met with public favor.

Another comic opera which has met with a fair degree of success is The Isle of Champagne. It closes its career at the Manhattan Opera House to-night. Spare your tears. We shall not—let us hope—see its like again. If the fun in La Cigale was poor, it was of a very high order compared with the Isle of Champagne, although the same great mind was more or less responsible for it in both cases. La Cigale was tuneful, the Isle of Champagne is not. Seabrooke is an excellent comedian and by his efforts saved the trashy libretto. He is worthy of a better part.

The scene in the cell when he reads extracts from "Joe" Miller's joke book is the only funny bit in the opera. The song of all nations by the star and Elvia Croix in the last act is the only air that will be remembered. Yet the public went to see the Isle of Champagne in fair numbers. Some appeared to enjoy it. New York theatre-goers are not always hard to please.

The music halls which have been making strenuous efforts to attract Broadway theatre-goers, appear to be meeting with success. The last few seasons have proved that variety—thinly disguised under the much abused term of farce comedy—will draw. Hence the deduction is that the music halls will succeed. According to a story which is going the rounds, the management occasionally err in their selection of the specialty people. At one of these halls, it is said, a hard-faced variety actor came on near the end of the bill the other night and proceeded to tell stories and jokes that were meant to be side splitting. The audience failed to see any point in them and did not laugh once. As a matter of fact the auditors yawned and a few left. The actor was plainly disturbed, but undaunted. He kept on. So did the audience—yawning. Finally he saw that everything was falling flat, and walking down to the footlights, he said, in a sympathetic tone: "Ladies and gentlemen, I hope I am not keeping you up."

The Masked Ball closes its New York engagement to-night. It has been an artistic and financial success. Experience has proved that it is not a good plan to transfer a piece at its height from one city house to another. In this instance The Masked Ball proved a magnet of sufficient strength to draw as well at the Standard as at Palmer's. John Drew is established as a star. New Yorkers will look forward with interest to his next apprarance here. Miss Adams, too, will be welcomed, for her delightful acting will not be soon forgotten.

The most important light opera presented so far this season is the London importation The Mountebanks which promises to repeat its home success on this side of the water.

SKETCH BOOK NOTES FROM LA CIGALE AND THE ISLE OF CHAMPAGNE

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VOGUE SUPPLEMENT

JANUARY 21, 1893

SOCIETY

THE entertainment given by Mrs. George L. Rives at her residence, 14 West Thirty-eighth Street, last Saturday, was one of the most enjoyable events of the season. Mr. Harold Brown arranged the following programme of tableaux, which was enthusiastically applauded:

1. Countess of Derby (Van Dyke), Miss E. Hewitt.
2. Miss Penelope Boothby (Reynolds), Miss Natica Rives.
3. Frou Frou (Clairin), Mrs. de Forest.
4. Lady Hamilton (Romney), Mrs. Roche.
5. For the Squire (Millais), Miss Charlotte Whiting.
6. Portrait of Mme. d'Allonvill de Lonville, by Nattier, Mrs. Porter.
7. Roauna, Miss S. Hewitt.

Mrs. Porter, Miss Rives, and Mrs. Burke-Roche were perhaps the best, but it was hard to decide when all looked so well. The only fault found was that the frame of the picture was not large enough. The whole effect was, however, most artistic, and beautiful in the extreme. A very handsome supper wound up one of the most delightful entertainments given in New York this season. There were only about one hundred guests present. Among them, Col. and Mrs. Willie Jay, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clews, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Burden, Mrs. Griswold Gray, Mr. and Mrs. H. Le Grand Cannon, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Oelrichs, Mr. and Mrs. Havemeyer, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Irwin, Miss Fellowes, Governor Wetmore, Miss Wetmore, Mrs. Willie Douglas, and Mr. H. Madison Jones.

Men may come and men may go, dinners go on forever. Never before has there been such an epidemic of dinners as this winter. Those who are not yet "in" choose this acknowledged-to-be successful means to become famous. True, it involves time, expense, and heart-burnings without end, but nothing pays so well in the long run—and when one's social status is established then the dinners need not be such gorgeous affairs, and the host and hostess may begin to enjoy life. On Monday, besides many others, Mrs. W. D. Sloane and Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard gave dinners. These two sisters are peculiarly fortunate in their dining apartments, and even in this age of luxury their dinners are notable entertainments.

Mrs. S. V. R. Cruger was among those who gave a dinner before the Tuesday Evening Dance.

The Tuesday Evening Dance was very successful. The Reception Committee, Mrs. H. Le Grand Cannon, Mrs. W. D. Sloane, Mrs. Lorillard, Mrs. George Peabody Wetmore formed a quartette of stunning-looking, superbly gowned women, and their gracious manner was balm to the heart of many a woman who made her courtesy before them. This courtesy business is very amusing to watch. The set smile, the stately grace and then the hurried backward move, anywhere to get into the other room. Some women "scuttle" like crabs; only a few seem at their ease.

Much is promised for the last of the Tuesday dances which will mark a double feast, that of St. Valentine and the Mardi Gras. The favors for that dance are most unique, and have been brought from Paris. Naturally they will be suggestive of Carnival time as well as of the sentimental feast day of hearts.

No Court ball in Europe could be more beautiful than the dance in Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt's house on Wednesday night. It was the fourth of the dinner dances which seem to stand apart from all the other dances of the winter. Mrs. Vanderbilt made a novel departure in the way of serving a decidedly simple but excellent supper. The best frocks and the finest jewels were donned for the occasion. It is impossible in a limited space to give more than an idea of the magnificence of the dance. Mrs. Vanderbilt's house has not been opened for so large a party in two years.

The Nikisch concerts have given, next to the dinner dances, the best opportunity for showing off gowns and jewels. The Old Minturn house which Mr. and Mrs. H. Le Grand Cannon have greatly beautified for their term of residence there, was given up for the concert last week. The Court set was brilliantly represented. The orchestra was somewhat reduced in numbers to suit the house. It is on the tapis that the last of these concerts will be given in Mrs. Paran Stevens's new house. It is doubtful if there is a better concert room in any private house in this city than the ball room of the Mason-Jones mansion, where Mrs. Stevens is fast becoming domiciled.

Mrs. Ogden Mills, who has been obliged to withdraw from society owing to the death of Mr. Edward Mills, of San Francisco, is greatly missed at these entertainments as well as at all others. Mrs. Ogden Mills and her twin sister, Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck are certainly types of our New York aristocracy. From their début, when as the Livingston twins they were well-known in Europe as well as this country, they have well filled their positions as belles.

Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock gave

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Mrs. Ernest C. La Montagne, 4 West Forty-third Street. Reception.

Dinner-dance. Mrs. W. C. Whitney.

Mrs. Charles A. Peabody, Mrs. Arthur Holland Forbes, 60 West Twenty-first Street. Wednesdays in January.

Thursday, January 26th.—Mrs. Charles E. Milnor, Miss Milnor, 13 East Twenty-fourth Street. Thursdays in January.

Mrs. J. Howard Wainwright, 22 West Forty-sixth Street. Reception.

Mrs. Francis R. Appleton, 26 East Thirty-seventh Street. Thursdays in January.

Mrs. Frederick B. Jennings, 86 Park Avenue. Thursdays in January and February.

Mrs. Charles C. Tiffany, 37 East Thirty-ninth Street. Thursdays in January.

Mrs. George Macculloch Miller, the Misses Miller, 270 Madison Avenue. Thursdays in January.

Mrs. Franklin Harper, 42 West Forty-ninth Street. Thursdays in January and February.

Mrs. Henry D. Babcock, 21 West Forty-ninth Street. Thursdays until Lent.

Mrs. Henry C. Hawley, the Misses Hawley, 16 West Thirty-third Street. Thursdays in January.

Mrs. Valentine Mott, 62 Madison Avenue. Reception.

Friday, January 27th.—Mrs. Schuyler Neilson Warren, 166 Lexington Avenue. Fridays.

Mrs. Julien T. Davies, 17 West Ninth Street. Fridays in January.

Mr. and Mrs. August Hecksher, 1047 Fifth Avenue. Fridays in January.

Miss Malvina Appleton, 28 Fifth Avenue. Fridays in January.

Mrs. E. C. Hurlbut, Miss Childs, 125 East Fifty-seventh Street. Reception.

Mrs. J. Hobart Herrick, the Misses Herrick, Mrs. Clarence Wildes, 77 West Sixty-eighth street. Fridays in January.

Mrs. Franklin Paddock, Miss Paddock, 17 West Tenth Street. Fridays in January.

Mrs. Richard Somers Hayes, 30 East Thirty-fifth Street. Fridays in January.

Mrs. Algernon S. Sullivan, Miss Tilford, 16 West Eleventh Street. Fridays in January.

Mrs. W. Harman Brown, 11 East Sixteenth Street. Fridays in January.

Mrs. George B. Post, Jr., 29 Washington Square. Fridays in January.

Mrs. James A. Burden, Fifth Avenue and Seventy-second Street. Dance.

SAILINGS AND ARRIVALS

Sailed from New York, S. S. Elbe, January 17, 1893.—Mr. J. S. Conover, Miss J. Conover, Mr. Richard Gordon, Mr. W. S. K. Wetmore, Mr. Rogers Wetmore.

Arrived in New York, S. S. Germanic, January 14, 1893.—Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. Percy C. Hamilton, Mr. J. Angus Hamilton, Mr. Charles Hyde, Mr. E. W. Stuart King.

Sailed from New York, S. S. Servia, January 14, 1893.—Mr. Frank P. Abbott, Miss Mary M. Abbott, Mr. A. Gregory, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Lowry, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Palmer, Mr. J. Van Schaick, Miss Van Schaick, Mr. J. H. Wheelock.

Sailed from New York, S. S. La Bourgogne, January 14, 1893.—Mr. Theodore Conkling, Mrs. Theodore Conkling, Mr. A. Coolidge, Miss M. A. Coolidge, Mr. Clarkson Potter, Mr. T. H. Potter, Mr. and Mrs. Stanford White.

LONDON

[From Our Own Correspondent]

FAncy being able to advertise a Queen! What a triumph for the fin de siècle journalist! And this is what a certain London magazine did in Christmas-tide; under royal permission, too. Victoria Reg. is coming out in quite a new light; she has been a contributor to a Christmas annual, the owner and editor of which is a Member of Parliament, with leanings toward advanced Radicalism.

To be sure, her Majesty's contribution is mild, though learned; a page or two of autograph translation from the Hindustani, and an authorized account of why and wherefore that particular language holds special charm for her royal mind. After Queen Victoria's Dolls, however, nothing should surprise one, and "Queen Victoria as a Christmas," has certainly a novel flavor about it!

All London-Americans are on the qui vive of unsatisfied speculation as to proposed changes in the diplomatic service. A note of warning has been sounded in the departure of Commander and Mrs. Emory—the Naval attaché to the United States Legation and whose "p. p. c." cards are the first direct indication of what is to follow. They move on to Paris, but they will leave a host of friends in London, and a gap not easily filled up. Mrs. Emory is one of the most popular ladies of the diplomatic circle, as she is one of the prettiest and most charming; to lose her is a loss, indeed.

The great question, however, in the American colony is, who is to replace the present Minister? Mr. Lincoln has made himself more than satisfactory to everyone, and Mrs. Lincoln is a favorite everywhere. The name of Lincoln alone is a spell to conjure with; for English people, if proverbially slow, are also extraordinarily loyal in their hero worship, and Abraham Lincoln is a hero to them, and a martyr,—something on the lines of General Gordon—known and appreciated too late—but one to whom posthumous honors are only a matter of simple right.

The Whites we know, the ever courteous "Harry," and his not so urbane wife—(but then, everyone cannot be born a Rutherford), we hope to have always with us. Indeed Victoria Street could hardly hold itself together without the ubiquitous First Secretary, whose handsome presence, courteous manner and kindly bonhomie have made him indispensable to each succeeding Representative of the great Republic, and endeared him to everyone.

Another diplomatic figure which smart London can ill afford to lose, is Mr. Larz Anderson, the extremely popular Second Secretary to the American Legation. Mr. Larz Anderson is young—only six-and-twenty—very good-looking, of charming address and blessed with more than a usual supply of brains, and a courtesy that is old-fashioned in its kindliness. A few weeks ago he lost his father, and through that loss has come into more "loaves and fishes"; so the "service" is no longer a matter of necessity, and I doubt if he finds it one of pleasure; his resignation is looked upon as a foregone conclusion, yet one which all his friends here—and they are legion—deeply deplore. It is, all the same, somewhat of a pity that he should continue to be bitten by Russian female loveliness—or influence—which is it? The lady, who ever she may be, apparently holds him firmly enough, though the meshes be only the silken ones of a tassel gentle.

Americans were tremendously to the fore recently in the musical world. Mr. Holman Black, one of the most popular of baritones came on from Paris especially to take part in a Thursday concert at St. James's Hall, in which Miss Esther Palisser and Mr. Bispham also appeared; while only the other evening we had Mme. Valda in the title role of

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Emil Bach's opera, at Covent Garden, and on the stage at Toole's Miss Martha Conyngham is scoring capitally. She started on a tour in the provinces, to play, as occasion required, Nanny O'Brien, or Belle, in Walker-London, and Daisy, in the Lever de Rideau. As Nanny O'Brien, Miss Conyngham has won decided praise. She took the part at an hour's notice, without a full rehearsal—in fact, only one scene was gone over between Mr. Toole and herself, and without knowing who was to be her jeune premier. Decidedly a test to any young actress. Miss Conyngham has proved her ability to seize the opportunity offered, and certainly her future opens out brilliantly.

It was not generally known—certainly not mentioned in the London dailies—that the motive of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and the Princess May, to the Duke and Duchess of Westminster at Eaton Hall, was to celebrate the christening of the last little Grosvenor baby. Princess May of Teck stood godmother to the little maid, and those "in the show" read much meaning between the lines.

I have told you the latest rumors as to the coming Royal betrothal. No one doubts the issue; and yet, I have it on official authority, that not even Princess May herself knows the real reading of the Queen's plans. It is the wish of the nation that the Duke of York shall fill Prince "Eddy's" place—a precedent set by the Princess of Wales's sister, the Empress of Russia, and one which can not be found fault with. Her Majesty, however, is the only one really conversant with the truth, and perhaps Sir Henry Ponsonby;—but meantime no one mistakes the probable solution of the question.

One of the prettiest Christmas souvenirs of this season was the charming book of reminiscences which Mrs. Davidson, (Miss Marie Alden), had prepared here for her husband, as a remembrance of their late visit to England. It is called The Halcyon Inn, and so named in tribute to the summer home Mr. Davidson is building at Middlebrook on the Hudson. Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, Mr. Herbert Schmaltz,—the brother-in-law, by the way, of Miss Dorothy Dene, who is now fulfilling an American engagement,—Mrs. Joseph Parker, the wife of the great Dr. Parker, are among the contributors to Mrs. Davidson's novel Christmas card. The sketches are all original and accompanied by a sentiment or motto, and the autograph of the artist. The whole get up of the volume is de luxe, a single folio bound in white linen and gold, and produced by one of the best London firms.

Christmas "house parties" were for some time the topic of speculation. The Duchess of Manchester, always popular, kept Noël at Kimbolton, with a choice and chosen coterie of guests; pretty little Lady Hesketh had a party at beautiful Easton Neston; Lady Waterlow did not go South until the new year, so Trosley Towers were also full of festive guests. The Duchess of Marlborough was very quiet naturally, and Lady Randolph Churchill was so far from recovered that she did not receive any guests. Mrs. Frank Evans, wife of the member for Southampton, issued invitations for four representations, at her charming home, Tubbenden, Kent, of Romeo and Juliet Up to Date, with skirt dancing, pas seuls, pas de quatre, songs and chorus. The artists were all amateurs, and home talent was the order of the day. A treat was in store for those lucky enough to be counted among the guests. Mrs. Evans, you know, was Mrs. Irving Van Wart, of New York, and a cousin by marriage to Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger. Col. and Mrs. Chesebrough planned a Noël party at their pretty house, Oldfield Lodge, on the Thames, and Col. and Mrs. Carington also filled Burfield, Old Windsor, with guests for the same occasion. Mrs. Mackay spent her Christmas abroad with her daughter, the Princess Colonna. Mrs. Ronalds is still not sufficiently recovered to come to town, so it remains for Major Port and his still bride-wife to uphold the hospitality at the Legation. They have lately moved into their new house in Hans Place, and everything continues to be couleur de rose with the genial military attaché and his little wife!

Mr. Orton Bradley, the popular Director of Music at The People's Palace, composer and pianist, is making a flying visit to America. He sailed on the Britannic, in December, and he is already assured of a hearty welcome on the other side. He is a remarkable conductor, his choruses attaining a perfection ranking with the best in England. He particularly excels in his interpretation of Brahms' music, and is an ardent disciple of that master. During his stay in America of three weeks only, he will be heard in concerts and recitals, and expects to go as far west as Chicago. Young, ardent, full of love for his art, a man of stirling qualities and most pleasant address, Mr. Bradley cannot fail to make as successful a career in the New World as he has already achieved in England. Diane.

"WHERE WOMEN LOVE TO DINE"

IT is the fad of the moment with rich, smart Americans to prize above all things the luxurious beauty of apartments in which they dine. Stately drawing rooms, dainty boudoirs, even the fashionable English hall, are of minor importance compared to the imposing elegance of the salle à manger. Naturally, this costly whim has resulted in the furnishing of some superlatively handsome rooms in and about New York city, rooms designed to treble the attractions of feminine guests and offer them backgrounds of unexampled harmony.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger entertains in one of the most effective of these dining halls when summering at her charming "Idlesse Farm" on Long Island. The apartment, which is large and lofty, is not only the consummation of artistic taste, but is cunningly contrived to enhance the loveliness of every woman who enters it. The walls are hung in dark crimson satin brocade, and half-way up the ceiling spring clustering candelabra of white and gold, each holding a pyramid of wax candles. Ample red silk draperies fall over lace curtains at the windows, through which sea breezes blow and shifting marine views delight the eyes. The floor is carpeted in crimson; the richly carved furniture is black with age; on the tall buffets glitters much splendid silver plate, most of it in antique patterns, a heritage from Knickerbocker ancestors. Portraits of dignified old Dutchmen and their wives hang here and there, and looking out from dim gilt frames, various dead and gone Schuylers and Van Rensselaers gravely observe the doings of their descendants. Two life-size bronze figures support shaded lamps at either end of the room, and a couple of enormous silver jardinières are ever blooming with wild greenery and field flowers.

Of course, when seated in high-backed carved chairs in this red candle-lit salon, every one looks more or less handsome, and the costumes of the women are beautified by their sympathetic surroundings. It is the most pleasing feature of a house, unique, for the imagination and artistic feeling its design and decorations suggest.

Another famously fine dining room is the one in which Ex-Mayor Abram Hewitt dispenses a dignified hospitality. This splendid apartment is Renaissance in style, the walls and ceilings panelled in natural wood, with heavily carved cornices, and one great mullioned window having a broad cushioned recess. Around the entire room, to the depth of twelve or fifteen inches, runs a painted frieze, the work of some old Italian master, for the figures, though somewhat dimmed by age, disclose a warmth and richness of color seldom seen in modern canvases. Were it not for the crimson velvet Genoese stuffs that drape the windows and are also used in covering the carved chairs, this stately refectory

(Continued on page 6)

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would seem cold and unresponsive. As it is, lit at night by tall rose shaded lamps, with big porcelain jardinières filled with ferns, this dining hall is also prized by élegantes for its heightening of their beauty and fine frocks.

When she planned her Dutch dining-room, Mrs. Le Grand Benedict proved herself an artist. It is refreshingly original and evidently designed to supplement the elegance of stiff brocade gowns, rare laces, with "ruffs and cuffs and farthing ales and things." After the fatiguing acres of frou-frou, over-draped apartments that grate on ones nerves these days, this quaint bit of transplanted Holland seems simply delicious. Of course it has ample space, is wide and lofty, with one big end window cut up into tiny heavily leaded panes. A single brilliant diamond of stained glass in the centre shows a Knight's crested helmet with its floating plumes. The smooth wood floor, guiltless of wax, stain or varnish, has a high natural polish, and is partially screened by a dull red rug. Panels of exquisite Dutch marquetry wainscot the walls up to this point where a deep frieze, illuminated with German frescoing, fills the space between archibræ and cornice. In broad, curling effects this painting is done directly on the plaster, and appears again overhead between the beams of the massively timbered ceiling.

Cunningly concealed in the guise of an antique Dutch warming-pan, the register is set low in the wall, near by a fine chimney-piece that is elaborately faced with old blue tiles about its wide hearth. Dining and carving tables, sideboard, dresser, and even the stately chairs upholstered in crimson Utrecht velvet, are all of costly marquetry to correspond with the mural panelling. A corner cupboard for holding glass and silver has leaded pane doors; but the most unique feature of the room is the odd mode of lighting it. Half-way up the wall at intervals, spring blue Dutch tulip vases with their usual five gaping mouths spread in fan shape. Through each one of their openings projects a bronze blossom with shining stamens of electricity.

Perhaps, however, the most beautiful dining-room in this country is one recently completed at Newport. Walls and ceiling are immaculately white, the dazzling effect softened by a thick surface coat of enamel. The floor is carpeted in moss green velvet and hangings to match drape the doors and wide, deep windows with their inside curtains of embroidered swiss muslin. The sideboards, centre and side tables are of this same white enamel with hinges, locks and trimmings of silver. High backed chairs built after an old French pattern are white upholstered in green brocade, and the rare water colors and etchings decorating the walls are framed in the prevailing silver and snow.

When at night the larger crystal and argent lamps are lit up, the silk shades that look like big rosy blossoms and all the pyramids of wax candles wear tiny caps to match, this room is a glimpse of fairyland. Under its influence every pretty woman is an individual Titania. Daffodils and violets give it an atmosphere of early springtime, Jacquiminot roses and palms transform it into a section of an Oriental retreat; it never appears twice alike and is the envy of every householder who passes under its cool subtle charm.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATES

THE opera wrap (page 81) is of white velvet lined with peach colored satin and heavily embroidered in a Persian pattern with delicate colors through which topaz and pale amethysts gleam amid a tracery of gold thread. It is edged around the neck and down the front by a rich boa of black ostrich feathers. The low corsage of white peau de soie is partially covered with white and gold brocade drawn up in a point in front and fastened with a bow of the same. The hair is dressed high and a coronet of diamonds and pearls is worn.

Reception costume (page 82) showing high bodice of black velvet, with revers finished with a high straight collar. The high puffed sleeves are very full and made of white silk striped with narrow black lines. The little bonnet is of black velvet, the brim and crown edged with a roll of peach colored velvet and trimmed with bows of the two colors mingled together. The man wears a frock coat not buttoned, a shirt barred with blue with high white collar, and a pale blue tie fastened below the knot with single pearl pin. His boutonnière is a Malmaison carnation.

The sitting figure (page 83) wears a gown of cream white wool striped with satin of the same color. The bell skirt is perfectly plain and has a balayeuse of turquois colored plaited silk. The Russian blouse has a pointed yoke of gold and turquois studded passementerie, with a girdle, a pointed piece at each side, and cuff trimmings of the same. The sleeves are in leg-of-mutton shape, finished on the edge with narrow feather trimming. The neck of the blouse and the edge at the bottom are similarly ornamented. The hair is gathered behind in a knot, around which is a twisted bit of turquois blue velvet ending in an upright bow, in which is thrust a turquois pin.

The walking dress is of soft gray wool bourette flecked with tiny crimson spots so deftly interwoven that no great contrast of colors is observed. It is made en princesse and hooks up the back, the opening is concealed by the Watteau plait which falls from under the Figaro vest to the bottom of the skirt. The vest is of the same material and is edged with black fur, above which is seen a band of gray and steel passementerie. The sleeves are puffed at the top and slope with some abruptness, so as to be tight-fitting from some distance above the elbow to the wrist. A band of fur at this point finishes the sleeve. The edge of the skirt is trimmed with fur about four inches wide. The pretty hat has an undulating brim turned up in the back. It is of gray felt lined with black velvet and trimmed with crimson velvet and silver gray wings. A black fur collar finishes this pretty costume.

The figure (page 93) has a round skirt of pale green bengaline made bell shape, trimmed upon the bottom with a scant flounce of cream-colored guipure, with a heading of green velvet ribbon fastened at intervals with small four-looped bows. The green corsage is entirely covered with the écru guipure, and ends in a straight belt of green velvet laid in folds. The sleeves are wide puffs of green velvet reaching to the elbow, and from thence to the wrist are of pale green bengaline covered with the guipure lace.

WHAT SHE WEARS

WHen in the morning she attends committee meetings, either for charity or the Chicago Exposition, her gown is of navy blue cloth, heavy and soft, with a surface as smooth as satin. The skirt fits without a wrinkle about her slender waist, is just one inch longer back than front, is very slightly braided about the foot and lined throughout with pale heliotrope silk. Her Russian blouse has full braided basques that fall to the knees, her sleeves are enormous, two shoulder frills accentuate the fine slimness of her figure, and with every movement one catches a glimpse of the lilac linings that contrast so handsomely with the blue. Her hat is of soft navy blue felt, rough and wireless like the pot-pie head gear of a school boy. It is distractingly simple as only a costly Parisian creation can be, with a single band of petunia velvet about the crown, and at the left side a curly cluster of petunia velvet feathers.

* * * * * *

For teas, afternoon receptions, calls or meetings of the "Fortnightly Club," she appears in an Empire coat of black velvet trimmed with sable. This sumptuous wrap covers her from neck to heels, has a short waist, long, straight skirts, opens up the back, and is edged everywhere with fur. A broad black satin ribbon held by a sparkling jet buckle in front, is drawn tightly under the bust and arms, fastening in a big bow and long ends between the shoulders. Her sleeves are two gigantic velvet puffs, her collar a prim band of black satin, while through-

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out the coat is lined with pale pink and green striped brocade. A hat that corresponds extremely well with this Empire cloak has a wide curved brim, edged with ostrich feathers, and what is known as the "turtle" crown of black velvet, drawn through a big gold buckle enameled with forget-me-nots. Ears of velvet project slightly over the velvet brim, heron and ostrich plumes stand upright at the back, while satin strings tie under the rosy chin and make my lady a very fair picture to gaze upon.

* * * * * *

She always wears her watch pinned to the left on her breast and held by a jeweled chatelain. Sometimes it is a dragon of olivines with diamond eyes, and tail and claws sparkling with white brilliants. Even the three links of the short chain are gemmed, and the watch, itself a tiny affair, is encrusted with precious stones. The centre is set with sea green emeralds, encircled by a row of flawless diamonds. Again, her costly time-piece is of dark red enamel, one side studded with brilliants, while the open face shows the Roman numbers and hands of gold. The chatelain is a red shield, glittering with diamond stars, that also shine in the fanciful fleur-de-lys finishings at the top.

* * * * * *

Gold and silver garter buckles (page 5) are made in every known device. The serpent buckle is of heavy gold with jeweled eyes.

The fleur-de-lys design on the garter in the upper corner is made either in gold or silver, but the former metal is preferable.

The next garter has a rococo clasp of gold. On the small piece of the surface which is left plain, an initial or monogram can be placed. The ends of the silk elastic of which it is composed, are also finished with a narrow gold ornamentation, which adds greatly to its beauty. The round clasp is Louis VI—very simple but extremely pretty.

The plain flat clasp on which may be engraved a coat of arms, a motto, a monogram, as the fair wearer shall decree, is more used than any of the others, perhaps, because it allows greater scope for individual taste. These goods are purchasable of Howard & Co.

FLORAL NOTES

WE are fast approximating to the style of dress of the year 1830, but in one particular, at least, there is no sign of a return to the fashions of that day, and that is in the matter of floral adornments.

When Jane Austen was writing her charming stories and describing in her familiar letters the "pleasant balls of twelve couple" which were of fortnightly occurrence in her neighborhood, "bowpots" and "nosegays" were the extent of the ambition of belles and housewives, and this, although gardening was then, as now, a fine art in England, and one in which gentlewomen did not disdain to dabble in person. What the precise, shrewd, clever little creature would have said to some of the lavish decorations of the year of grace, 1893, is as impossible to imagine as to guess what she would have written to Vogue on the subject. One consequence of the genuine and wholesome love of flowers which is rapidly gaining ground among us, is the prevalent use of growing plants—chiefly foliage plants, with a sprinkling of cyclamen and other waxy flowers—and of course, primroses, towards spring. The fact is, dinner and lunch tables are so gorgeous and so fragrant that the everyday meal would seem bare without some little bit of green growth or pleasant fragrance. Then there must be a plant or two, to change off, and these require a sunny window, so the tiny "green house" grows—and by-and-by we shall see the house-fronts all abloom, like London in the spring. In the poorer quarters even now, wherever Germans or English are found, may be seen window plants blooming in the lavish manner with which they always seem to reward the care of the poor.

The reign of the bouquet, for balls, has come again—not however of the stiff, geometrical abominations once the fin mot of the florist's art. The bouquet of to-day may be of roses, a huge loose bunch of a single sort of carnations, of orchids. The green glossy leaves of the ivy are much used and the beautiful Farleyensis. A beautiful one is of lilies-of-the valley from which rise the exquisite pale violet blooms of the Cattelya. Or again, orchids alone are used, the purple set off by the quaint browns and greens of the Cypripedium, with sometimes a yellow touch here and there. Ribbons are more used than ever, not only on bouquets but on the huge baskets full of growing plants which are now often sent in place of cut flowers. But the use and the welcome of the box of cut flowers will never wear out, else what would become of all the vases and bowls and jars, of Venetian or Delft, or silver?

What is popularly known as the "green orchid" (Cypripedium insigne) is much used with other orchids as well as alone. Ribbons are still used lavishly on bouquets and baskets, and ivy leaves, which are beautiful in color and texture as well as graceful, are used in bouquets. The old idea of the absolute necessity of a centre decoration for a table is fast going out. On a round table a silver bowl is at one side, pouring out its wealth of long stemmed roses over the cloth. Or on a square table two bowls are set at opposite corners, and the long stemmed roses droop towards the centre as if falling from their vase. These silver bowls, baskets and vases, are very much used and the florists have them on hire, so that the whole decoration may be planned and made up in the shops. The green most used just now, after the various ferns, is the grand mignonnette. Smilax is in blossom at this season and many people object to the perfume which is almost as heavy as orange blossoms.

An adaptation of the Christmas idea for a dinner table might be suggestive to those who are forced by the exigencies of a long narrow dining room to have a long narrow table. Red carnations edged with holly leaves made a bed in the centre, and a red satin ribbon was laid in zig-zag folds all around with bunches of holly at each intersection, and tall vases of carnations and holly set here and there.

Now that the holiday rush is over, flowers are once more within the reach of ordinary mortals who have not Fortunatus' purse at command. Violets are no longer at prohibitive prices, and all the list of beautiful roses, Mermets, Cazines-Testouts, are in their glory.

In this connection, and before the memory of the woes of Christmas shopping has passed away, a word to the man, young or old, impelled by a generous impulse or a sense of obligation to send some token of his appreciation to his hostess, or by sentiment tempted to strew his fair one's path with flowers. Conventional ideas limit men in their giving, since girls can accept from them nothing other than flowers or bon-bons. So, as soon as a man's gratitude, ardor or devotion prompt him to go beyond the modest and entirely acceptable bunch of violets, potted plant or box of cut flowers, he at once rushes into mad excesses, huge baskets, beds, indeed, of violets, masses of roses or unwieldy bunches of orchids, costing anywhere from thirty to fifty dollars, and driven into these inartistic proportions chiefly by the wish of the indebted or enamored one not to appear to skimp his offering.

If the man will only put into his gift the personal equation which adds so much to its value, by consulting the tastes of the individual girl, if he chance to know them, or acting on the well-known propensities of womankind if he do not—he may afford not only a momentary feeling of gratification but a lasting pleasure. A modest pound of bon-bons in a porcelain jar or box which may thereafter figure on the tea table or toilet—a vase in any conceivable shape or material, or dainty bits of porcelain or crystal, will do.

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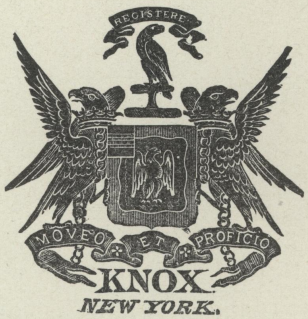

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